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daughters had they married lacqueys rather than players. A daughter of the Earl of Abingdon married Gallini the ballet-master, of whom George III. made a "Sir John;" and Lady Harriet Wentworth did actually commit the madness of marrying her footman,—a madness that had much method in it. This lady, the daughter of Lord Rockingham, transacted this matter in the most business-like way imaginable. She settled a hundred a-year for life on her husband, but directed her whole fortune besides to pass to her children, should she have any; otherwise, to her own family. She moreover "provided for a separation, and ensured the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part." She gave away all her fine clothes, and surrendered her titles: "linen and gowns," she said, "were proper for a footman's wife;" and she went to her husband's family in Ireland as plain "Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon."

Fashions, cleanly or otherwise, often come by the clever exercise of wit. Thus the Russian confraternity made little fortunes through a well-timed joke perpetrated by Count Rostopchin. And the joke was cut after the following fashion. The Emperor Paul had an undisguised contempt for Russian princes, and loved to lower their dignity. He was one day surrounded by a glittering crowd of them, attired in gold lace and dirty shirts, when he carelessly asked his favorite Count Rostopchin, how it happened that he had never gained the slight distinction of being created a prince. "Well, your Majesty," said the Count, "it arises entirely from the circumstance that my ancestors, who were originally Tartars, came to settle in Russia just as winter was setting in." "And what of that?" asked Paul. "Why," answered the Count, "whenever a Tartar chief appeared at court for the first time, the sovereign left it to his option either to be made a prince or to receive the gift of a pelisse. Now as it was hard midwinter when my grandfather arrived at court, he had sense enough to prefer the pelisse to the princship." This satire gave the fashion to the Rostopchin cloaks, of which our grandfathers who travelled in Russia used to tell long stories, that were not half so good as Rostopchin's brief wit.—*Habits and Men.*

M. VAN DER HOPE, head of the well-known banking-house of Hope & Co., at Amsterdam, has, before his death, bequeathed to that city his fine collection of pictures, on two conditions, that the city discharge certain claims belonging to the rights of inheritance, amounting to the sum of 50,000 florins (about \$21,000), also, the permanent exhibition of the collection for the benefit of the poor. The authorities of Amsterdam, deeming they had no right to increase the city expenses, refused the bequest, unless, within a week, voluntary subscriptions amounting to 40,000 florins (\$17,000) could be secured, when the city would contribute the balance. At the end of the week, nearly 33,000 florins were subscribed, and the rest was provided for, so that the collection remains in Amsterdam, one of its principal attractions, and for the poor a fruitful source of revenue. The collection comprises 150 canvases.

THE British Museum has just received a fresh importation from Nineveh, filling 159 cases. It comprises a miscellaneous collection of small slabs, seals, pottery, and other objects, bearing more upon the domestic life of the ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia than the pieces hitherto received. This is what was wanted. We possess already as many of the large historical slabs as we know what to do with. We have acquired a tolerably clear idea of the king and the warrior,—what we now want is to see the Ninevite in his home.—*Athenæum.*

Correspondence.

PARIS, April 10, 1855.

WHEN in a former letter I stated that the Fine Art Jury of the Great Exhibition would be "vigorous in its judgment," I did not make a false prophesy, for the result painfully proves the correctness of my judgment. It is not agreeable to be obliged to comment on the strict manner in which they discharge their duties, but the examining committee, although its labors are not yet ended, have already made more than one mistake; its decisions have "leaked out" among the artists, and many are sadly disappointed.

One can scarcely believe it, but a picture by Corot has been rejected, he who paints landscapes so charmingly—who treats so poetically the twilight hour and early dawn of spring day! They have rejected a composition by Daubigny, who, though young in art, has already made a reputation among landscapists, by the quiet glow of his coloring, and the purity of his light. Ricard, one of the best portrait painters of the new school, has also to suffer by the jury's absurd stringency. Adolphe Lebus, so successful in scenes of common life among the poorer classes, has had three pictures rejected. Courbet, who is sometimes lacking, but who, nevertheless, has striking picturesque qualities—Madame O'Connell, who follows close upon the Flemish masters, besides several others, whose names escape me, have been no less unfortunate. Finally, another skillful portrait painter, Rodakowski, who, in the exhibition of 1853, obtained such marked success, has had the misfortune of learning that his large picture, an immense battle-piece, which cost him so much time and labor, has also been thrown out by the jury. I have not seen this composition, and I admit that it may show many deficiencies, but I know Rodakowski to be an artist who does not ignore the difficulties of his art—who labors with unparalleled earnestness, and never applies the brush without reference to nature, and I am convinced that even with the defects of his works, they still present very brilliant qualities. Certain I am they do not merit such a decision.

It is said the sculptors have met with no better fate than the painters. After all—for one must be just—the committee of examination are, perhaps, excusable. A very liberal section of the exhibition regulations permits an artist to send any number of statues or paintings; nearly all have availed themselves of the privilege, and many have abused it; several have sent twelve, fifteen, and even twenty of their works. To provide for all these masterpieces, it would be necessary to build a town expressly. It must be admitted, too, that notwithstanding the great number excluded by the jury, they have rarely refused the entire consignment of any one artist. Corot, Daubigny, Ricard and Lebus have not been wholly rejected; they will be represented by some very important works. Notwithstanding the sighs and complaints of the disaffected, the exhibition, which is now in progress, will be one of the grandest and the most interesting the French public have ever been called upon to look at.

The season for the sale of objects of Art, inaugurated with so much *éclat* by the

sale of the Baron of Mecklenburgh's collection, followed by that of M. Caillet—duly reported in THE CRAYON—still continues with equal interest. The collections of Baroilhet, containing little else than pictures of the modern school, has been disposed of, also, the gallery of M. Collot, formerly Director of the Mint in Paris. The latter sale was advertised immensely—every wall in Paris was covered with posters—and yet, for all that, they could not succeed in giving value to the doubtful and bad pictures which this collection contained. It is true that it possessed some works of real merit, and they were disposed of at sufficiently high prices. Seven sketches by Rubens, representing various scenes in the life of Achilles, brought together, 10,225f. (\$2,000)—a very pretty landscape, by Moucheron, was sold for 805f. (\$160)—a Salvator Rosa—"The Peasants of Lycia transformed to Frogs," brought 900f. (\$180)—"The Martyrdom of St. Agatha," by Velazquez, 1,000f. (\$200)—and a "View of Tivoli," by Jos. Vernet, 3,000f. (\$600). But these were not the principal attractions of the sale. A very beautiful composition by Poussin, "The Massacre of the Innocents," sold for 10,000f. (\$2,000). It was, perhaps, worth more, for never did this stern painter—the pride of the French school—show more style, truth, and expression. The picture of "The Daughter of Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist," had conferred upon it, in the catalogue and advertisements, a glorious paternity; it was advertised as a master-piece by Leonardo da Vinci. They were mistaken. In this picture, otherwise extremely remarkable, the feeling, manner and drawing remind one forcibly of the great Florentine master—but the dry and meagre execution differs from his essentially. The truth is, that this picture is an excellent copy by a pupil of Da Vinci's, and made, perhaps, under his eye. It brought the sum of 16,500f. For the same price, a superb portrait by Rembrandt was disposed of, dated 1632, representing, we were assured, Professor Tulp, the same figure as the *Leçons d'Anatomie* in the Museum of the Hague. This portrait, forcible, luminous, and full of life, is a work of Rembrandt's younger days; it is painted in that clear, silvery manner which is so justly admired in his first works: the eyes are liquid and brilliant—the lips stir with the gentle movement of the breath, and seem as if they are about to speak; everybody regretted that this master-piece was not purchased for the Louvre.

Horace Vernet, of whom I have spoken several times, and whom I shall, doubtless, often mention again, appears to be quite in favor with the imperial government. He has just been commissioned to decorate one of the vast saloons of the Tuileries with a large picture, in which is to be represented the Emperor Napoleon I. surrounded by the various marshals and generals who died upon the field of battle. You will perceive that, if the artist is faithful to his programme, his Napoleon will be surrounded by a numerous suite. Well, what would you have! There are still, it seems, some countries where they believe that glory is only made evident by showing up the number of men who have been killed for it! MANTZ.